FARRINGDON ELECTION; A NEW SONG.

" ——— *facit Indignatio Verſum.*" JUVENAL.

YE good Men of FARRINGDON, come liſten to the Story
Of Two Rival Candidates, that lately came before you;
Soliciting your Votes, your Intereſt, and Poll, Sir—
To ſee them bow, to ſee them ſcrape, indeed 'twas wondrous droll, Sir.

O, the jolly days of good Electioneering;
Merry be the memory of good Electioneering.

The firſt a Briton born and bred, but lately *Galliciz'd*, Sir;
By *Yanky Doodle* fondly nurs'd, at *Paris* naturaliz'd, Sir;
With a *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, came, like bouncing *Buonaparte*, Sir;
Of whom his egotiſtic ſpeech was a perfect counterpart, Sir.

O, &c.

With fire and faggot, ſmoke and flame, ſo very fierce he hit, Sir,
That not a Miniſter eſcap'd—of courſe not BILLY PITT, Sir;
At Jobs and Contracts loud he rav'd; but, mark the cunning elf, Sir,
We know the *Outs* would fain be *Ins*—and then they'd ſhare the pelf, Sir.

O, &c.

" If WILKES was great, I'm greater far—my Patriotiſm more hearty:
I'll ſoon *reform* the Ward, if you will ſtoutly join my Party."
Thus *Burdett*, *Fox*, and *Tierney* preach; thus *Sheridan* harangues, Sir;
And thus at Paris bawls *Tom Paine*, and all the *Gallic Gang*, Sir.

O, &c.

But honeſt Lads of FARRINGDON are not to be trepann'd, Sir,
They know the friends that ſerve them beſt, and join them heart and hand, Sir;
And when a Counſellor they want, to give them good advice, Sir,
They'll always find among themſelves ſuch ALDERMEN as PRICE, Sir.

O, &c.

Whilſt ev'ry generous heart expands with joy, ſo good a man's come;
Hark! good St. Andrew ſternly calls, "O, where are SHARPE and BRANSCOMB?"
JAMES BREWER, with BOUCOCK, ROGERS, CLARK, the Northern Troop ſhall guide, Sir;
And HERRING, in himſelf a Hoſt, o'er Southern bands preſide, Sir.

O, &c.

As generous Britons, much too brave to inſult a falling Foe, Sir,
We'll ſtop the Song, by pitying thoſe whom Raſhneſs has laid low, Sir.
Methinks I hear you all exclaim, " We pity them, in faith, man;
We pity WRIGHT and RICHARD BREWER, with AXFORD, REEVE, and WAITHMAN."

O, &c.

May no fraternal *Gallic Wolf* our *Britiſh* LAMBE annoy, Sir;
Nor any *French-concocted* drugs the DOCTOR's fame deſtroy, Sir;
May gentle PERKINS ſmirking live, and canvaſs, ſing, and ſmile, Sir;
And JOHNNY WHEELER's tuneful notes the hours of care beguile, Sir.

O, &c.

May God protect our gracious KING, our Laws, and Conſtitution,
And diſappoint the Hopes of thoſe who wiſh for Revolution;
Our Laws and Liberties preſerve, by Britiſh Valour guarded;
And thoſe who hate their Native Land be properly rewarded!

O, &c.

Let Britons to themſelves be true, and ſcorn each French Bravado;
Then Rafts and Gun-boats ſoon ſhall ſink, like Spain's far-fam'd Armada:
Our Gallant Tars, victorious ſtill, their Laurels ſhall increaſe, Sir;
And GEORGE THE THIRD triumphant live, to bleſs the Land with PEACE, Sir.

And may a longer Reign of Glory and Succeſs
Make HIS Name eclipſe the Fame of good QUEEN BESS!